

The Historie of

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blond-stained with these valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*:
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
Welicence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not send them: I will after straighe
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your vncke.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule,
Want mercy if I do not ioine with him:
Yea on his part, He empty all these veines:
And shead my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th dust;
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull king;
As this ingrate and cankered *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother the King hath made your *Nephew* mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners:
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

Henry the fourth

And on my face he turnd an eye of
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of

Nor. He was; I heard the procl
And then it was, when the vnhappy
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon
Vpon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did
To be depos'd and shortly murder

Wor. And for whose death, we
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken

Hot. But soft I pray you, did King
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame him
That wisht him on the barren mou
But shall it be that you that set the c
Vpon the head of this forgetfull-n
And for his sake weare the deteste
Of murderous subornation? shall
That you a world of curses vnderg
Being the agents, or base second m
The cordes, the laddar, or the hang
O pardon if that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predican
Wherein you range vnder this sub
Shall it for shame be spoken in the
Or fill vp cronicles in time to com
That men of your nobility and po
Did gage them both in an vnjust be
(As both of you God pardon it, ha
To put downe *Richard* that sweet l
And plant this thorne, this canker
And shall it in more shame be furth
That you are fool'd, discarded, and
By him, for whom these shames ye

And